

# White Line Fever

Paul Weller

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A sickness born down deep within my soul

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The years keep flying by like a high line pole

The wrinkles in my forehead show the miles I've put behind me

They continue to remind me how fast I'm growing old

Guess I'll die with this fever in my soul

I wonder just what makes a man keep pushing on

Why must I keep on singing this old highway song

I've been from coast to coast a 100 times or more

I haven't seen one place where I ain't been before

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